# IRVING'S "ROBESPIERRE" NOT SO HOPPER SCORES IN WICKED AS HISTORY TEACHES. LANGTRY TRAVESTY.

By Alan Dale.

Actor Knight's Genius Realized in Sardou's Drama, as Produced at the Knickerbocker-It Is Impressive, Vivid and Convincing.

Play Throbs with Cumulative Interest Leading Up to an Intense Climax-Staged with All of Irving's Painstaking Care.

NE slowly, yet well, before you go to the Knickerbocker Theatre to see D Irving as Rebespierre. Forsake not your entremets, nor swallow your coffee too avidir, for Sardou, the author of the new laying production, is a gentleman who has the utmost respect for "the dinner hour." He talks his audience in. rarely says anything important before 9 o'clock, generally begins hideously, be end cyclonically, and has not changed his methods as far as "Robesplerre" is con

Yet we were all on hand early last night to "receive" our Blustrious actor, and to give him the vociferous hand as he appeared in the garbs of "the incorruptible." wending his way through a glade in the forest of Montmorency. Sir Henry must really have felt all those near little things that he fold us anent his joy at getting back, and the proud knowledge that he fas among friends. If he had been a yachts man come to "lift the cup," instead of an actor bent on illumining the role of a distorical boggy-man, his popularity could scarcely have been more vehemently

Prepare to find your early ideas of Ro bespierre rather rudely shattered in this Sarden drama. Prepare to find instead of "the poor sea-green strabillar" creature of Carlyle's idea, a pleasant old gentleman not unlike the Vicar of Wakefield-gentle, addicted to the domestic habit, rather idealistic, easy, affable, and somewhat rejuctantly deadly. Naturally, you couldn't expect an actor, hungering for the sympathy of ladies and gentlemen, to give you a Robespierre that would make you cling. your chair in horror. And with such a splendld dramatist as Sardou, who could think up" some "human interest" into the character of the very devil himself, you my be quite some that Irving is all right, and that in his new production you are improving" your mind it history, or adding to your knowledge on the subject

So, Sir Henry's Robespierre will app cal to you as a Robespierre long past the multinous period of youth. Sardon has taken him up tenderly and warmed the filly character in the five of human em otion. The stage Robespierre is a person who has had a past-with a palpitating woman and an Hiegitimate child in it. Oh, cumling, cumling Sardon! How well he known us! How supremely sure he is that the "aca-green incorruptible" displayed merely as a political figure in the horrors of "The Terror" would have but scant interest for us in the playhouse. he thought up an attractive mistress for his Robespierre, and in the very first act of the play you see her and hear from her own lips how a young Lo-tharlo named Robespierre once came to her father's house, fell in love with and betrayed her; how her father turned him away from the house, how a child was born, and how she had later found a gentleman to give her the protection of his name. Vian! Piff! Your interest is instantly aroused. Cold. clammy history is forsaken for vivid fiction, and you set black relieved, and happy at this irreverence. History at the playhouse has a habit of making itself. The dramatist ancehis all blographers, and if he be plausible and clever you are willing to let all

your encyclopedic knowledge go hang!

The whole gist of this "Robespierre" melodrama lies in the fact that Robespierre has an illegitimate son nearly twenty years old, of whom he knows nothing. Although has an illegitimate son nearly twenty years old, of whom he knows nothing. Although "the incorruptible" died before he was thirty-six. Sardou was undaunted. He needed a "heart story" in which to envelop his massive Revolutionary pictures, and he took the bost that he could find. I have never read of any mistress that Robes pierre possessed, but he was a Frenchman, and probably, if he didn't have one mistress, he had two! It is not stretching the probabilities very far.

The play, after its first act, which has merely talked you in, is a seethingly vital affair, done in the inimitable style of Sardou, with the most perfectly arranged "mobs" it is possible to imagine, "mobs" in which strange characters bob up and down, and give you ideas of crowds that no other dramatist to-day is able to present. There are one or two scenes in it that you will never forget; that have

sent. There are one or two scenes in it that you will never forget; that have haunted my mind since I saw the piece in London, and that held me again last night in the grip of an uncanny enchantment,

Robespierre discovers his son. There is a magnificent spectacle, representing the "Fore of the Supreme Being," in the Piace de la Revolution. A great pageant is unrolled before your eyes. Sardou arranges his citizens in the most picturesque positions. It is a sort of Dewey day, but in the procession are women crowned with white roses. There are standard bearers and groups and spectacular creatures, followed by Robespierre, dressed in his historical dandylsm. All this is incidental to the birth of melodrama. Olivier, the unknown son, smarting under the imprisonment of his mother stans forth, and harding the erry of "hymogrife" in the face of ment of his mother, steps forth, and harling the cry of 'hypocrite' in the face of the lean, emaclated Robespierre, is selzed by the police. Robespierre is ignorant of the lad's identity until the next scene, when his fictitious youth crops up with amazing effect, and he is confronted with "the wages of sin"-or some of them, at

One of the really Sardou-esque blts in this cumulatively sensational play occurs ater, when Robespierre burns to rescue his son. He must consign him to prison before he can expect his salvation. You see Robespierre and Clarisse, his former mistress, watching at the window at the passage of the tumbrils to the Place de la Bastille. This is worked up for all it is worth. It is intense excitement, If

Robespierre can only see his son, all will be well. You can imagine how Sardon does this. Those people at the window! Those hopes from what they may see there. But there is no Olivier, and Robespierre goes to the Conclergerie to find him.

Do you like the fantastic and the grewsome? I'll confess that it fascinates me at all times. I have dreamed more than once of the ghastly picture in the Confess that the conf

at all times. I have dreamed more than once of the ghastly picture in the Conclergerie—as uncanny and welrd as anything Irving ever did in "The Beils." I met a dozen people in London who called it a horror, a nightmare, a mind-disturber. Last night the audience watched it with bated breath. Certainly it is not a spectacle for a yeung, impressionable child. But it is a masterpiece of ceric linagining. Robespierre goes to the Conclergerie to find his son. The stage is dark, the awesome prison is slient as death. The "incorruptible" is alone—alone with his thoughts, and with that remorse which, if it come at all, may be expected in the chilly watches of the night. To him come ghosts. You see them. There they all are in white—choses of his guillotined unfortunetre—choses of Marie Antolyratio. Chem. in white ghosts of his guillotined unfortunates ghosts of Marie Antolnette, Charlotte Corday, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Mme. Roland. They do not walk—they glide, Icarsomely, supernaturally. They point skinny, beckening fingers at him. He sees them all, his eyeballs starting from their sockets, amazed with terror. Everything is quiet, cold, blue and grovellingly borrid. Then you hear his condem-nation from a voice as from another world, and Robespierre sinks upon the stage in a swoon. Not a scene for susceptible children? No. But it is a triumph of the nelodramatically cerie, bound to live in the memories of all who have an ounce of artistic fibre. You are glad of the electric lights, as they switch you back into the real fit offity of the moment. Your eyes blink as you try to shat out the horrors of that psychological picture. It may be rather strong meat for weak theatrical stomachs. But it is the quintessence of all the uncanny episodes that Irving has given us. It goes "The Bells" at least two better, and "The Lyons Mail" is a pretty little story of adventure compared with it.

The spectacular magnificence of the last act must be seen to be appreciated. It

takes place in the ball of the National Convention, and it is the end of Robespierre. You see alm-pale, endaverous, green, weak-amid that roaring amphitheatricallyarranged crowd of indamed and gory shouters. There he is, placid, apparently unmoved as ever, wandering aimlessly about, careless of the territic passions of the awful, shricking assemblage. The crowd is there, but his figure fills your eye. He is the same dandy, the identical valuelorious creature that you have watched from the glade in the Montmorency forest. He tries to speak, Impossible amid that infurlated, reckless, bloodthirsty strocco of passion. And the famous historical cry. "C'est le sang de Danton qui t'etouffe" (it is Danton's blood that chokes you) is hursed at him. Olivier is there to kill him, but Robespierre turns his hand upon

himself, and falls wounded and bleeding to the ground.

Mere melodrama? Of course. But it is melodrama from a master hand, vivid with color, reckless with tints, and loud with conviction. Suppose you had never seen Irving until last night. Would you like him? I say you would at once underseen Irving until last night. Would you like him? I say you would at once understand the reason for his reputation. It is not always easy to do this. You hear of such and such a person's vogue, and you wonder why and wherefore. But in Robespierre Irving is the "linished" actor, who has shed the faulty, distressing mannerisms of his early day. When first as a kildet I saw him years ago in "Charles I." I langhed until I was ashamed of myself. He struck me as so droll and so uncourh. Later on, in "Macbeth," his diction clamored for a key or some sort of explanatory words. In "Robespierre" all this is lacking. You have heard of his genius. You realize it in "Robespierre." Ellen Terry, as Clarisse, had a role that seemed to matter very little. We were glad to see her there, and to notice the beauty that time has not yet obliterated. But Miss Terry was comparatively insignificant.

As Olivier, Mr. Stamford was less interesting than was Kyrle Bellew in London. The exowded cast shall not be dissected. It is a capable company. Of one thing you can always be certain, and it is that Irving never doctors up his London productions for New York. He brings them over comparatively intact, regardless of expense. Dwarfed as it was on the stage of the Knickerbocker last night,

less of expense. Dwarfed as it was on the stage of the Knickerbocker last night, the "production" showed up extremely well, and gave more than half of an idea of lin what it looked like at the London Lyceum. But, as I said before, when you go to see it, dine slowly, yet well, for the thrills come late, and in the early evening fir-Sardon merely plays with you as the cat plays with the mouse,

ALAN DALE.

YARMOUTH'S STAGE NAME.

NOTABLE PEOPLE
IN THE BIG AUDIENCE.

Even for the Knickerbocker—in the old days or since the rechristening—it was a noteworthy first night.

It reminded one of a special performance at the opera when all the pairons are

to the opera when all the pairons are present with their friends.

In the great and real interest which at abusiness that will be chronicled in their annals. Orchestra seats sold for \$10 and \$12 and \$10 and \$12 and \$10 and

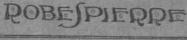


Londoners Amused by the Burlesque of "The Degenerates."

LILY LAUGHS AT IT.

Mrs. Langtry Herself Pleased and Hawtrey Makes Fun of Himself.

(Copyright, 1890, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.) London, Oct. 30, De Wolf Hopper





ROBESPIERRE BEFORE THE GHOSTS OF HIS VICTIMS.

Irving's First Appearance Here as Robesp'erre.

knight delighted a vast audience at the Knickerboeker Theatre last ni

Declares That He Owns DELIA FOX BETTER-HER the Rights to "Sister Mary."

sing, with perhaps one exception. The heart, could live through the night, only one known of is William A. Brady, director of Koster & Blal's.

Ordinarity Mr. Brady would be as delighted to listen to Miss Irwin as any one cise, and would even now if she would only survey not to sing a certain sone called

was, it is asserted, first sung production called "Pot-Pourrip" once songs are frequently lift-attracting attention, but Mr. that in this instance he bought the production, and, of course, once his with the rest, says she doesn't know what

### MOTHER AT DEATH'S DOOR.

expected that Mrs. Fox, who is suffering Every one delights to hear May Irwin from dropsy and a valvular disease of the

agree not to sing a certain song called The physicians earing for Della Fox re-

## HOPPER SCORES IN To Obtain LifeInsurance

You Must Be Free From Kidney Trouble.



"Your Policy Is Refused Because Of Kidney Trouble."

All life insurance companies will tell you that they refuse more policies on account of kidney trouble than because of all other diseases combined.

This fact alone is conclusive evidence of the prevalency and fatal results of neglected kidney trouble. When your kidneys are not doing their work well some of the symptoms which prove it are pain or dull ache in the back, grayel, catarrh of the bladder, sediment in the urine, scanty or profuse supply, scalding irritation in passing it, or you may be obliged to urinate often during the day and to get up many times during the night. to get up many times during the night. that science has ever been able to con

to get up many times during the day and to get up many times during the night. Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid at the blood, due to weak kidneys.

Kidney trouble is most dangerous because so deceptive; many have it and do not suspect it. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble.

The first duty of the applicant would be to make use of the proper means to

### Sale of Furs.

Scarfs, Alaska Sable, \$6.75, value \$10.50.

Mink, \$10.50, value \$13.50.

Stone Marten, \$14.00, value \$19.50. Muffs,

Persian Lamb, \$10.00. value \$13,50. Alaska Sable, \$9.75,

value \$12.50.

Seal, \$12.50, value \$16.50. An assortment of

Short Capes, in Electric Seal, plain and

\$22.50, value \$35.00 to \$50.00. Lord & Taylor,

Broadway & 20th St.

Puzzle Picture Prizes READ Sunday Journal

"Want" Advts.

Useful Business Information that Cannot Be Found Elsewhere.

# NOT MADE BY A TRUS

For Short-Smokes.

A touch-down. Well I guess yes. I've run away from everything in this field.

We have gained the approval that we wanted most. The approval of that has of smokers who accept a cigar olely on its merits. Experienced mokers appreciate Cupid Bouquets.



O TIN BOX 10c.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

Harlem: 250 WEST 125TH STREET, KIYT: " WASHINGTON ST. NEAR POST OFFICE